

# WAR CRY



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HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.

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## WITHOUT GOD, OR WITH GOD.

BY COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIFFORD.

The human being is so constituted intellectually and morally that he must have some kind of a hope, some comfort with it, whether a right hope or a wrong one, a hope of some kind he must have. Hope is the mainspring of every effort, the soul of every enterprise. Coming to hope is the first step to ceasing to live.

But we go further. Man is so constituted intellectually and morally that a continual hope is equally a necessity to him. His soul claims, demands as its main spring, a radiant eternal hope, whose very nature

a certain number of years everything is succeeded; his wealth grows, he marries a wife, a son is born, he is successful in business, but suddenly a series of misfortunes overtake him—an epidemic invades his household and snatches his loved ones from his arms; his commercial house crumbles in a financial crash, and see him now, stricken like a solitary wreck after a tempest. He is cast upon the world, upon the moving sands of earthly things, and what is left to him now?

"Nothing," he cries, "nothing but

tion of our earthly hopes God constrains us to place them in things, heavenly and spiritual? Is not the inferior always sacrificed to the superior? Is not the world under law? For man does not man always ready to sacrifice everything he has to save his life? Is not the mineral sacrificed to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, and the animal to mankind? I repeat, is not the inferior always sacrificed to the superior?

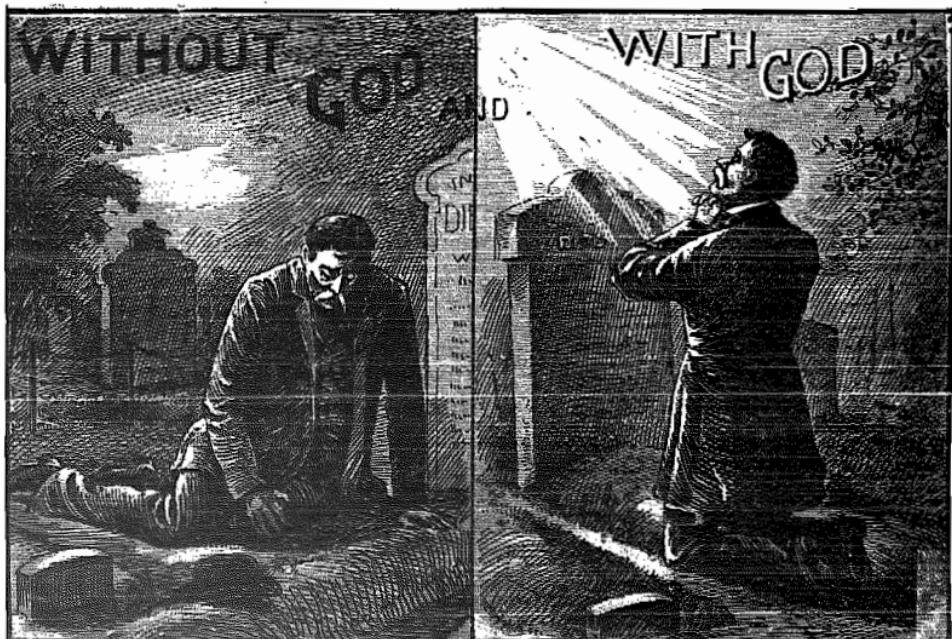
And man also, should he not force his physical nature to bend and yield to his intellectual and spiritual nature? and consequently, should not those hopes and aspirations which inspire him as an immortal soul have priority over all other hopes, to dominate all other aspirations?

What is despair? Is it not simply the natural reaction from false hopes? What is more saddening than to see thousands of

giess for the advancement of the Kingdom of God! What more inspiring than to see the courage and resignation with which the soldiers of Christ sacrifice their earthly experiences? Acquainted to walk in the light of His Holy Spirit, to contemplate everything in the light of eternity, and from God's standpoint, to value things solely in their relation to the Kingdom of God and to the Word of God, they pass onward with a confidence, heroic and holy. If on the one side they suffer as the sons of men, on the other they triumph as the sons of God. Despair can never unfold its gloomy opinions in the world of light which they inhabit.

"My soul, hope thou in God."

What happens to the man who bows his head and looks at the earth? His horizon



What is left to him now: "Nothing but Graves."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

pleases it out of the reach of the uncertainties which mar all temporal aspirations.

Therefore man must not only hope, but hope right.

A wrong hope is worse than none, since it only dooms a man until it is too late to change.

Look at this young man just finishing his collegiate life and commencing his career! To him the future is filled with radiant brightness, because his heart is filled with hope. He possesses health, intelligence, friends, and a small capital that he is confident he can rapidly increase by sedulous and conscientious endeavor. You

see some graves, where I can go and weep!" Nothing more!

But should it be possible for a man created in the image of his God to cry: "Nothing more?"

Is there nothing for us but that which is perishable? Is there not something far above higher, purer, nobler, divine? And, then, they know no death—no decay. For they do not die that drink deeply of the very fountains from whence their sorrows have come! They fling themselves into the whirlpool to seek oblivion.

Is it not true that often in the destruction

of the people of the world who have experienced his delusions—the natural consequence of the lives they lead—grow irritation against God, against mankind, against everybody and everything—give themselves up to despair. And, then, they know no death—no decay. For they do not die that drink deeply of the very fountains from whence their sorrows have come! They fling themselves into the whirlpool to seek oblivion.

But on the other hand, what can be more edifying than that millions of men, to whom the world is the kingdom of a glorious immortality "laying up their treasure in heaven," concentrating all their ener-

gy and labor in the service of God, to whom the worldling who lives only for himself, forgetful of God and humanity; so with the sinner who thinks only of earthly enjoyments of the passing hour, forgetful of heaven and eternity. All that they see is the world, a narrow bit of earth at their feet. Oh, how shallow, how foolish, how misleading are their hopes!

But what sees the man who raises his head and looks upwards into the bright blue sky on the starry night? His vision plunges into the infinite, and finds neither limit or boundary. It is the same with the man who hopes in God, who lays up treasures in heaven, who fights for the salvation



## HALLELUJAH!

## Grand Times at the Temple, Toronto.

## COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH PRESENT.

## Brigadier de Barratt Conducts Unique Open-air Manoeuvres.

## THE NEW "WAR CRY" EDITOR "BOUNCED."

## A Manitoba Marvel—Captain Scott on Jonah—Souls at the Cross.

## UNITED HOLINESS MEETING—SUN DAY MORNING.

The most impressive feature of the whole service was its Sound. It was sold in every sense, sold in directness, sold in common sense, sold in appearance, and sold in results.

The audience and congregation closed in compactly from the commencement, and settled down four-square to business. The Bazaar would have had a wide a large proportion of you there. The Commandant, as usual, was very pointed and succinct. Not one of the speakers tested with an audience, but all spoke with perfect for any one to mistake the difference between sanctification and justification.

Mr. de Barratt prayed that something definite might be done in the meeting. What we had "Then" he said, was the power to help others. "There is but one way to influence of irresistible earnestness over all the world."

Then Captain Jewer's heart's desire was what we might "Launch into the ocean of God's love." Cadet Coonen, one of the Young Men, said, "Tell them all about it to meet them." "Put it to your hearts, the Commandant, with a little digression, describing the great Musical Festival to come, and then the Army will come to muster in full force in

New Massey Music Hall.

And sing in such a fashion that it would take us from now till June to practice up for it.

So we cleared our throats and chorused away. One invoker, however, with closed lips, was brought to book by the Commandant. This brother turned to see if it was the Major he had spoken to. The Commandant commented on the inexplicable tendency of human nature always to throw the blame on someone else's shoulders.

The new Editor was introduced by the Commandant, who stated that the Major had already the audience to applaud him a Canadian.

He had a round of applause, the Major a round of words of simple and kindly greeting and good-fellowship, with an allusion to the strange effects of the mist that had enveloped the meeting. The Major, who was walking along the hillsides was accustomed to see a strange and monstrous sight, and when he got up to speak he said, "I will give the afternoon's doings, leaving our readers to form their own conclusions."

In the first place, the usual Open-Air Tactics were employed.

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the maleness of a material body without the breath that quickens it. How much we may love our dear ones, we can lay them in the grave when life has the same law exists in the spiritual sense.

He illustrated with a touching incident of his own. There was a young lad who had got lost in the French Woods. A substitute volunteered to go in his stead. The lad was so bad that he had to change that substitution. The lad was lost. The boy broke out again, and whilst the man was still in Paris, the recruiting-enlistment wished him to be a recruit. The lad said, "I can't touch me," said the man. "You can't touch me!" Then he explained why he had been lost.

## Shot Down in Midair, boy.

from the Wan Civ, went swimming, and was lost in the water. The Commandant told us that during the trip of the "Flying Squadrone" to bring up the song with a world of witness that we must have publicly professed pardon or parity, and also introduced to us as Major Complain.

Who had the Audacity

to only himself a Canadian, although he had only been in the country about two weeks.

Then followed testimony after testimony, choruses after choruses, and "joyfulness" all along. We couldn't begin to tell all the things that we heard, and we won't try. We must however, tell you about Major's new song. We noticed a banjo on the platform and wondered whether he had any musical ability. We asked whether he was an addition to that noble band of musicians who never make themselves heard. When we saw him

## Pull On the Banjo,

and heard him draw his fingers over the strings, we do not doubt to his ability when he sang the following war-singing, the chords of which were:

"My God don't me jive!

"You must be half as old as me!



# Salvation Songs.

## The Army's Marching On.

BY WILLIAM MCLEAUCHLIN.

TUNE—"This is sweet rest in heaven."

1 Our Army's marching forward

This dying world to win,

To free from Satan's clutches

Souls that are in sin; &

With colors bright a-shining;

We march o'er land and sea,

With Jesus as our Captain

We march on victory.

FIRST CHORUS.

Oh, the day of victory's coming, etc.

We fight for Jesus;

And dying for Jesus;

Who live in towns and cities

Where wickleness abounds;

In the world and hereabouts;

Fight going down to hell;

We bring them to the barracks;

Of Christ alone we fall.

SECOND CHORUS.

Oh, the drummer may come,

And the sword may come, etc.

Then we are in for it,

Those of us sin well,

The gambler and the sweater,

The thief and infidel;

All the world and grain of sinners,

No matter who it is,

We point them to the Saviour,

Who waits to set them free.

THIRD CHORUS.

Who comes will in the feast may share,

In my Father's house there is bread and to spare;

Oh, come to Jesus, He is waiting, waiting for me,

Oh, come, there is room for all.

Our all the news is spreading,

The Army's marching round,

We'll not give o'er the battle

Till none in sin are found;

Then we'll sing victory,

The way seems dark as night,

We'll rest one day in heaven,

Where all is fair and bright.

FOURTH CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven.

Forward to the Fray.

BY "FIREMAN."

TUNE—"Bringing in the sheaves."

2 Hark the trumpet sounding, warriors

To attack all evil, battle for the Lord;

Storm the mighty strongholds, face the powers of darkness;

Looking to Jehovah, trusting in His Word.

CHORUS.

Forward to the fray, forward to the fray,

Do not stop and look, come while it's day;

Forward to the fray, forward to the fray,

Men of war are wanted, do not stay away.

Many are halting, only looking for

Weak reinforcements 'gainst the powers of sin;

Beckles on the armor while the battle's raging,

In the strength of Jesus we are bound to win.

For the frenzied contest can be crowned with victory!

With the bold the counsel of the Lord on high;

Devils may oppose us, try and overthrow us,

With our mighty Leader, victory is nigh.

Sometimes Weary.

BY ERINUS PRIEST.

TUNE—"The best friend."

3 The dark flag of blood-and-fire

Are you not weary, like me?

Are you not "look up higher,"

And less hard on God?

CHORUS.

In the fiercest conflict,

In the battle's din,

With your weight and all your might,

Load hard on Him.

## Jesus will not Pass You By.

Words and music by SISTER MAJOR J. T. REILLY, Victoria, B.C.

Moderato, w.f.

Music score for 'Jesus will not Pass You By' in G major, 2/4 time. The score includes two staves: soprano and basso. The soprano part begins with the lyrics 'What a loving Friend has Jesus been to me, One who always listens to my feeble cry, Soothes and comforts whosoever to Him I see. He never lets like many friends who, heedless, pass me by. Jesus is waiting to'. The basso part begins with 'Jesus is waiting to'. The music consists of simple chords and eighth-note patterns.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Jesus will not Pass You By'. The soprano part continues with 'Jesus is waiting to'. The basso part continues with 'Jesus is waiting to'. The music remains in G major with simple harmonic progression.

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Music score for 'Jesus is My Best Friend' in G major, 2/4 time. The soprano part begins with 'Jesus is My Best Friend'. The basso part begins with 'I do believe, I will believe'. The music consists of simple chords and eighth-note patterns.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Jesus is My Best Friend'. The soprano part continues with 'Jesus is My Best Friend'. The basso part continues with 'I do believe, I will believe'. The music remains in G major with simple harmonic progression.

Music score for 'Holiness' in G major, 2/4 time. The soprano part begins with 'Holiness'. The basso part begins with 'BY MARION R. COX.'. The music consists of simple chords and eighth-note patterns.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Holiness'. The soprano part continues with 'Holiness'. The basso part continues with 'BY MARION R. COX.'. The music remains in G major with simple harmonic progression.

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# WAR CRY

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1892.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,

Toronto, Feb. 8, 1892.

GREETING!

The Editor sends a hearty "God bless you" to every reader of the WAR CRY, and in this connection, we would like to say that "God bless you" does not mean that the Editor has no love for you, but a hearty and fervent prayer that the WAR CRY may continue to be the blessing it has hitherto been to its thousands of readers.

If you, reader, are an adopted child of God, you are requested to remember in prayer the WAR CRY and those engaged mainly in producing it. If you are unconverted, we trust we have your good wishes, and you may depend we will try with our weekly page to win you to Christ.

## BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

Brigadier de Barritt has excellently well fulfilled his task of acting as Editor pro tempore. The whole CANADA constituency is indebted to him for his splendid choice of matter and the manner in which he has served up the weekly morsel of forty-four columns.

CAPTAIN ATWELL.

Captain Atwell, too, has done herculean services on the WAR CRY: working early and late, frequently till mid-night. He is equally well known for his work on the WAR CRY, for he is worthy, but the Commander has appointed him to another position, in which we trust the manifold blessing of God may rest upon him.

We have not, however, quite lost him. The WAR CRY has a warm place in his heart, and we think we can promise our readers frequent contributions from his pen.

## THE ARMY AND PROHIBITION.

It was a high tribute of appreciation that was paid the Salvation Army, when at the great Prohibition meeting held in the Park, Toronto, February 12, 1891, with 1,500 delegates from all parts of Ontario present, the sight of the Army marching past to the platform evoked such a storm of applause. There was no mistaking the sincerity of the cheering, and it proved that the leading men in Ontario had a high regard for the Army and the great principles of the Army over the great drunkards, while the chairman (or Major) Flamingo remarked, viz.: that there was no man present more worthy of a front seat on that platform than was Commandant Booth, whose still more clearly the feeling of that great and representative meeting.

The Salvation Army, from its initial stages, has been upright and straightforward on the drink question. It is a Prohibition Army. Everyone of its soldiers, everywhere, by its regulation and by the universal consent of the thousands who march in its cosmopolitan ranks, is bound to prohibit the drink curse to his utmost ability.

## Holiness.

BY MARION R. COX.

TUNE—"It is the blood that washes white.

6 This hour, oh Christ, our hearts

With hot tears for These.

For our love is great for These,

And we stand alone in Him, we never fall.

Now, my comrades, let us fight, trust in God and do the right,

For our God was never known yet to fail;

For the past we found Him near, let us too

Always trust in Him, He will help us in whatever we may do.

Now, our fight is well to o'er, and we'll

reach that golden shore,

There our sword we'll lay down, and we'll

Other comrades we'll meet, and march the golden streets,

And through the blood we'll go.

My tears and prayers beg my need,

My earnest words proclaim:

These are not gifts to give Thee, head,







